DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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"THE GREAT HUNGRY DESERT."

"A vast, limitless waste, so flat and unbroken that it looked exactly like the sea. A quiet, as though of death, reigned over it, for not even the slightest sign of life broke the oppressive stillness of the scene. Neither the Karoo or the Kalahari deserts in South Africa ever produced on me an impression so weird and indescribable as did the first glimpse of the awful Gobi, 'The Great Hungry Desert.'"

So says Mr. Julius M. Price, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* who last year commanded a special expedition across it.

This desert, as our readers are aware, is in the centre of Mongolia, that comparatively unknown country lying between Siberia on the north and the Great Wall of China on the south, and such recent word from it is of much interest.

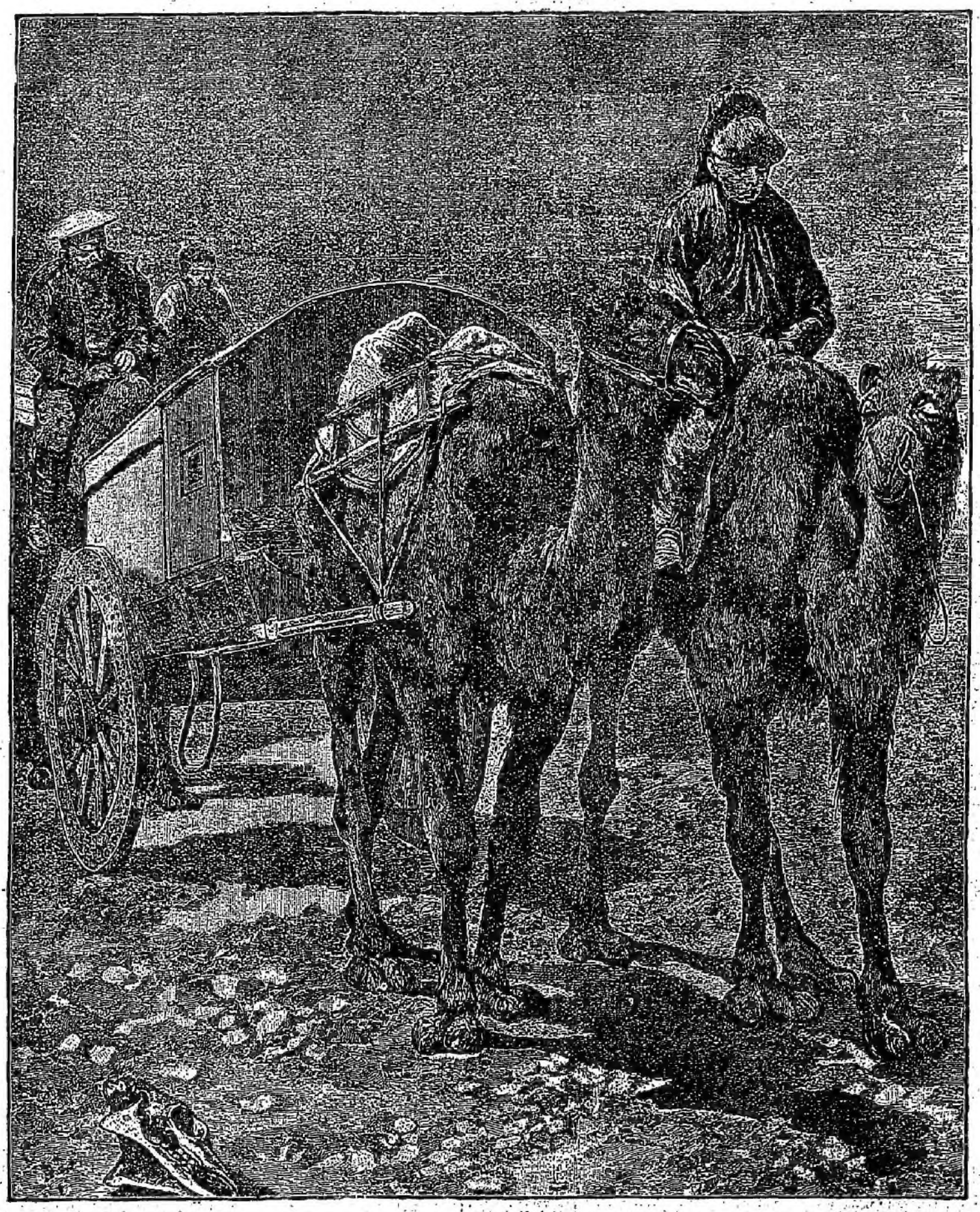
The mere look of the dreary waste, he says, recalled all he had ever read of the horrors of a lingering death, by thirst or starvation, which has so often befallen travellers who have been unfortunate enough to lose themselves on its almost trackless surface. Nothing, in fact, was wanting to complete the gloomy picture. Even the faintly marked trail before us was rendered more easily discernible by the bleached bones of camels lying here and there on either side.

So uneventful was the journey that what would on any other occasion hardly call forth passing notice, was magnified into an important occurrence. On the afternoon of the fourth day out from the sacred city of Ourga, we met, he says, the caravan of the homeward-bound Russian mail, and, considering we had not seen a living soul, except each other, for more than forty-eight hours, it may be imagined how pleasurable was the meeting. The two convoys halted for a time; our Cossacks exchanged news with the other Cossacks, and even the Mongols hobnobbed together; then, with many final shakes of the hand and friendly wishes, we were under way, and in a short time were once more alone on the boundless waste.

The next day we reached a range of rocky hills—great heaps of huge boulders lay piled around in picturesque confusion, and, altogether, the scene was a welcome change after the flatness of the plains. Right in the very midst of these hills, nestling as it were under their shelter, to my surprise we came upon a miniature town, which I had never even heard of before. This, I learned, was Toho-Iyr, a Lama settlement, entirely inhabited by Mongols who are devoting their lives to religion.

It was a lovely day, the finest one we had had as yet, and in the still air and the eternal silence of the surroundings the effect was very impressive, for it was indeed "asleep in the sunshine of the East," and "far from the busy haunts of men." I therefore persuaded Nicolaieff to halt the caravan for a short time, so that I could have a stroll around the quaint little place, with my sketch-book and camera; and very pleased was I afterwards that I had done so, for it was one of the prettiest spots I saw in Mongolia. On a nearer inspection it turned out to be larger than I had first taken it to be, and absolutely different from what I expected to find, for the quiet pervading the streets was quite in keeping with the proximity to the vast desert—there was, in fact, quite the atmosphere of religious seclusion which one feels in a monastery. But what struck me most was the wonderful cleanliness I saw everywhere, and I don't think that, for its size, I ever saw its equal. Everything looked spick and span, as though it were cleaned carefully every day. There was also a striking absence of dogs, those pests of Mongolia. One could stroll about without being continually on the *qui vive*, as in Ourga. Instead of a conglomeration of dirty "yourts," there were trim, neatly built, whitewashed cottages, of absolutely the same outward appearance as English ones, not so large perhaps, but still strangely reminding one of far-away England. Curiously enough, I did not see anything at all similar to them anywhere else, either in Mongolia or in China; nor could I find out why this style of building was exclusively confined to the pretty little desert settlement.

My appearance naturally created quite an excitement, for I was probably the first Englishman that has ever visited the place, which is, I believe, out of the



THE HEAVY RUSSIAN MAIL CROSSING THE GOBI DESERT IN MONGOLIA.

usual caravan route; and the appearance of a stranger in their midst will doubtless form the subject of conversation for a long time to come. Still, I was in no way annoyed—a little crowded in, perhaps, but that I was beginning to get accustomed to, and the half-hour I spent there was so pleasant that I really regretted having to hurry away. Either there were no women in the place, or at least very few, for I never saw them; the inhabitants appeared to be entirely of the sterner sex, and all of them, from the very youngest, Lamas or Lama students. The effect of the entire population being dressed in red and yellow was very curious. Many of the older men wore massive gold-rimmed spectacles, which gave them a very learned appearance. A couple of large temples of Tibetan architecture, in excellent preservation, seemed the most important buildings in the town, and, besides these, I learned, there was also a monastery. When I got back to the caravan, I found it quite surrounded by visitors, for the news of our arrival had by this time spread all over the place, and evidently a general half-holiday had been taken in consequence.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during the next few days after leaving Teho-Iyr. To the low range of rocky hills surrounding it succeeded a monotonous expanse of endless gravel-covered plain, which was positively depressing to one's spirits. Day after day would find us surrounded by the same unbroken horizon, while, with the regularity of clockwork, at eleven o'clock every morning the piercing cold north-easterly wind would commence blowing, and continue until late in the afternoon, very often with the force of a strong gale. Owing, I believe, to its being some four thousand feet above the sea-level, the temperature of the great plateau of Mongolia is never high, even in summer; but in winter the cold is excessive, almost as great as in any part of Siberia, and the desert is covered with several feet of snow.

THE STORY OF "ONE-TENTH."

A young lady had formed the purpose of giving one-tenth of a small income earned during the year by herself to the cause of Christian benevolence. Faithfully, month after month, she had put down her occasional charities with her other expenditures, and when it came to the time for closing up the account and arranging the balance she discovered that the sum of five dollars was due the benevolence column.

Now this person was young in years, and especially in Christian experience and benevolence, and she had never in all her life given so large a sum at one time as five dollars for anything except for purposes of self-gratification. It happened to be a severe lesson for her to learn in the school of benevolence, and she at once entered upon a fierce struggle with her love of self, her sense of duty, and a natural desire to keep her word and promise good. "Perhaps you have made a mistake," whispered self-love. "You had better go all over that account once more, and be sure you do it very carefully this time."

At this suggestion the young girl brightens up a bit and bends again to her task, knitting her brows very severely and comparing carefully the two columns with the cash in her open pocket book. But it is all to no purpose. Figures do not lie, and the stern fact of figures still declares that the five dollars is wanted at the end of the same column. Self-love then gives a long sigh of disappointment, but still whispers, "Five dollars is a large sum for a young girl like you. Other girls do not give as much as that, and why should you? Then think of what that money would buy. What a lot of things you want, and really ought to have, like the other girls! There are some things you ought to have this very moment for the sake of respectability," etc. But the next moment the girl's better nature and the tender uprising of real Christian love in her heart bids her be true and faithful to the vow she had made, and whispers that she will be happier in denying the enticements of self-love than in the indulgence of self-gratification. A long while our brave young heroine endures this hard conflict with self-love, but finally a five-dollar bill is enclosed in an envelope and directed to the treasurer of the benevolent societies of her church, and she arises from her little writing desk a happier girl than when she sat down, and one much better fitted to enter upon the many other battles in life which may be before her.

. . . . . .

In a distant city the treasurer of a benevolent society sits poring wearily over his missionary accounts. For several years he has been bending every energy to the task of paying a long-standing debt on the permanent fund which had accumulated by too frequent borrowing to pay the annual deficiencies in the benevolent income. The year was drawing near its close, and a few hundred dollars yet remained of the old debt unprovided for. It was an anxious and prayerful hour for the good secretary. He had for many months been sending out appeals to the friends of the mission cause, and many had responded with generous gifts; but still there was a deficiency, and the secretary's heart was set on the payment of that entire indebtedness.

The secretary's deep "brown study" was interrupted at length by the postman's ring and the arrival of the noon mail. Eagerly he turned from his desk to open the letters, and scarcely pausing to read their contents, extracted with hopeful expectancy from a few of them those little bank slips which are so welcome to men of his profession. There was one cheque for two hundred dollars, and right then and there, with the cheque in his hand, the happy man sang the doxology with a full and thankful heart. After examining the last bank slip he found that there was just five dollars lacking to make up the full amount of that troublesome old debt. With all his gratitude how could he keep back just that one little sigh of disappointment as he exclaimed, "Oh, why could not that dear, good friend and brother have added just that one five-dollar bill to his contribution?"

The evening mail, however, brought the secretary one more missionary offering; and never, perhaps, was a letter more welcome. The letter was signed with a young lady's name, and read as follows:

"DEAR SECRETARY:—Please find enclosed five dollars. Use it where it will do the most good.
M.S."

When, a few weeks later, our young friend took up her religious paper and read the inspiring account of how the "back of that old mission debt had been broken at last, and that the honor of laying on the very last straw must be attributed to her own five dollars, which came at the last moment," her astonishment and joy and gratitude can be imagined. Did she not feel paid and honored a thousand times over for the slight self-sacrifice the giving of that money had occasioned? Who can trace the subtle connecting link in the spiritual cord between the secretary's prayers and the young lady's self-denial? He who notes the sparrow's fall regards as well the slightest transactions of his children, and no true and unselfish desire or act of theirs can escape his attention and Divine guidance.—*Ida H. Fullonton, in the Morning Star.*

MISSIONARY LUXURIES.

Rev. Dr. Marshall replying to the objection sometimes made that the missionaries spend too much of the church's money on themselves—that they travel in first-class conveyances, and take up their quarters in first-class hotels, he gave a description of what such hotels and conveyances are, and of the amount of money lavished on the missionaries for their entertainment. The first-class vehicles in which they travel, as he did, consist of two poles, each some twenty feet long, and fastened to the sides of two mules that are some ten feet apart, one mule before the other, and on these poles, back of one mule and in front of the other, a wooden box or platform covered with coarse canvas or branches of trees, on which the traveller is seated; or, as another vehicle for this luxurious travelling, the missionary rides on a wheelbarrow drawn by a native, either vehicle being about as comfortable, probably, as riding in a box waggon without springs, jolting its way over a stony or corduroy road. This is the "first-class" travelling conveyance!

As for first-class, luxurious hotels, Dr. Marshall describes one in which he spent four weeks, outside of the walls of Pekin—for no hotels are allowed in the city. It was some fifteen feet long by five or six wide and four or five feet high, built of stone and plastered on the inside with mud, with a second coat of mud over the first, probably for ornament. The beds were of stone, with a single cover of something like an old coffee sack spread over them, and with no covering over the sleeper unless he brought it with him, and for a pillow a triangular-shaped stone which he had to make level with his boots and overcoat. The inside of the roof overhead was filled with spider-webs and dirt, and one of the missionaries, lodging in such a "first-class hotel," in a single night killed several scorpions before he ventured to go to sleep! The cost for supper, lodging, and breakfast was fifteen cents! So much for the "first-class hotel" and its extravagant charges!

As for food, the best was dog meat, and another kind, not quite so good, was cat meat, and lest the traveller should be imposed upon, and have something still worse set before him, the dogs and cats when skinned, had the hair left on the end of their tails to show that they were really dogs and cats, and not some animal the very name of which would be disgusting. And even this dog and cat meat had sometimes been kept so long as to be offensive both to sight and smell, and the missionary, when almost suffering from hunger, has been seen to throw away the food he had paid for because it was unfit to be offered to a dog. Such is the "first-class" travelling equipage, the "first-class" hotel accommodation and food, as to which, travellers who, perhaps, have never even gone to see a missionary, write back that the missionaries are spending the church money in extravagant living! As to the cost of sending money to the missionary stations, it is less than six cents for every dollar sent. What commercial business is transacted for the same distance at so small a cost as that?—*Presbyterian Observer.*

PRAY FOR YOUR SCHOLARS.

We may learn much from Christ's habit of prayer. In this, too, he is our model. Christ began, carried on and followed all his work with prayer. If God's own Son felt the need of prayer in his work, how can we, poor, weak creatures, expect to succeed without it? How often we read of his going to the mountains, or to the desert places, or somewhere, alone to pray! Then, too, Christ's habits of prayer suggest not only prayer for ourselves in time of need, prayer as needed communion with the Father, prayer to fit us for our own work, but also the importance of personal prayer for others. In that night when his disciples were in the storm on Galilee Christ was praying. Do you suppose he forgot his affrighted disciples in his prayer? Then recall his personal prayer for Peter. "Simon, Satan hath desired to have you . . . but I have prayed for thee." Who can doubt that he prayed often in this way for all his disciples?

As Christian teachers are there not dear ones we long to see rescued from the hands of Satan? Then let us learn from Christ to pray for them. Every teacher should pray for each member of his class personally. Learn of Christ to pray for each scholar by name. "Simon, I have prayed for thee." Unite your loving, sympathetic words to them, with earnest, importunate prayer to God for them, and you may rest assured God will not long deny you the desire of your heart. Such prayer is important because God alone can give the increase, because our only strength is the power of the Holy Spirit. If the Christian in the ordinary business of life has need to be instant in prayer, how then should this spirit concentrate and deepen when we come to the performance of duties that have to do with the salvation of immortal souls! The good Dr. Payson, writing to a brother minister, said, "If we would do much for God, we must ask much of God; we must be men of prayer; we must almost literally pray without ceasing."

Think of the success of Robert Murray McCheyne in winning souls to Christ! It is said that he had constantly on his lips the prayer, "Master, help! Master, help!" Such a spirit will not only secure results for those who preach the gospel, but it is the secret of success for every Christian teacher.—*Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—MARCH 13, 1892.

PROMISE OF A NEW HEART.

Ezekiel 36: 25-38.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 25-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."—Ezek. 36: 26.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezek. 36: 1-21.—The Captives Comforted.
T. Ezek. 36: 25-38.—Promise of a New Heart.
W. Ezek. 37: 15-28.—An Everlasting Covenant of Peace.
Th. Ezek. 39: 21-29.—Gathered to their Own Land.
F. Isaiah 52: 1-15.—"Shall Sprinkle Many Nations."
S. 2 Cor. 5: 10-21.—In Christ a New Creation.
S. 1 Thess. 5: 12-28.—"Sanctify you Wholly."

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Change of Heart. vs. 25-28.
II. A Putting away of Sins. vs. 29-32.
III. A Return of Prosperity. vs. 33-38.

TIME.—B.C. 587, after the tenth month of the twelfth year of the captivity of Jehoiachin, and a year and a half after the fall of Jerusalem; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; Pharaoh Hophra (Aprics) king of Egypt.

PLACE.—Written in Chaldea, on the river Chebar.

OPENING WORDS.

Ezekiel was of priestly descent, and was carried away from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in the captivity of Jehoiachin, B.C. 599. From that time he lived with a community of Jewish exiles on the banks of the river Chebar. He was called to the prophetic office in the fifth year of Jehoiachin's captivity (B.C. 595), and exercised it for more than twenty-two years. The prophecies of this chapter were delivered a year and a half after the downfall of Judah. They foretell the restoration of the people to their land and the greater spiritual blessings which the Lord will bestow upon them.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

26. *I will sprinkle clean water upon you*—a token of spiritual cleansing. Heb. 9: 13, 14; 10: 22. Compare Jer. 33: 8; Eph. 5: 26. 26. *A new heart . . . a new spirit*—Psalm 51: 10; Jer. 31: 33; 2 Cor. 5: 17. *Stony heart*—(Zech. 7: 12)—the natural heart of every man. *Heart of flesh*—tender, humble, obedient—all that is vile taken away. God's renewing grace will work a change as great as the turning of a lifeless stone into living flesh. 27. *I will put my Spirit within you*—as a Teacher, Guide and Sanctifier. *Cause you to walk*—incline and enable you to be obedient. Psalm 33: 12. 31. *Then shall ye remember*—God's mercy in the pardon of your sins and the restoration of his favor shall melt you into penitence and self-abasement. Psalm 130: 4; Ezek. 16: 63. 32. *Not for your sakes*—not for any merit in you. Deut. 9: 5, 6; 2 Tim. 1: 9; Titus 3: 5. 33. *I will cause you to dwell in the cities*—to these exiles in their captivity the Lord promises restoration to their own land and a return of prosperity, so that the land then barren and desolate, without cultivation or inhabitant, should become fertile and fruitful as the garden of Eden, and filled with a happy and prosperous people. 36. *Then the heathen . . . shall know*—shall be constrained to acknowledge that Israel's more than renewed blessedness is the Lord's own work, and a ground for glorifying his name. *I the Lord have spoken*—what the Lord has spoken he will certainly do. 37. *I will be inquired of*—I will incline them to pray and will give them gracious answers. Psalm 102: 13-17; Zech. 12: 10-14; 13: 1. 38. *They shall know that I am the Lord*—mighty in power and faithful to my covenant.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Ezekiel? Where did he exercise the prophetic office? For how long a period? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A CHANGE OF HEART. vs. 25-28.—What does the Lord promise his captive people? From what will he cleanse them? What will he give them? Meaning of *a new heart* and *a right spirit*? What was the Psalmist's prayer? Psalm 51: 10. What will the Lord incline them to do? What promise of restoration does he give them?

II. A PUTTING AWAY OF SINS. vs. 29-32.—From what will the Lord save them? What will be the effect of his renewing, restoring love? What is repentance *unto life*? On what ground will the Lord do these great things? Verses 32, and 22, 23.

III. A RETURN OF PROSPERITY. vs. 33-38.—What does the Lord promise to his renewed and sanctified people? What change shall there be in their desolate land? What pledge is given for the fulfilment of these promises? What does he yet require of his people?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God gives his people every needed blessing.
2. He cleanses them from the defilement of sin.
3. He gives them a new heart and a right spirit.
4. He puts his spirit within them and causes them to walk in his statutes.
5. He finally brings them to the heavenly Canaan.
6. He will be inquired of to do these things for them.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does the Lord first promise to his people in this lesson? Ans. I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean.

2. What is next promised? Ans. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

3. What is the third great promise? Ans. I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.

4. What promise of temporal good is added? Ans. Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.

5. What duty does the Lord require of those to whom these promises are made? Ans. I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ONE EAR OF CORN.

TO THE FARMERS' BOYS IN OUR CHURCHES AND CONGREGATIONS.

By a Farmers' Boys' Friend.

My Dear Boys:—There are more than eight hundred millions of people who have not yet heard the gospel. Besides the few who are already at work among the different nations of the world, there are in the United States some two thousand young men and women standing ready to go, some waiting to finish their education, and some only waiting for an appointment; but the church has not given the money to send them, and to feed and clothe them while they are at work.

Now I believe that you boys can send and support at least twenty of these young missionaries, and so be helpers with God in his greatest work. "But," you say, "we farmers' boys do not get much money, and we are already giving what we can." Well, we'll not ask you for more money, but for money's worth. Where is the boy among you who would not willingly sow and cultivate one ear of corn for the Lord? and where's the farmer who will not give his son enough land for such a work?

But, again, you say, "A bushel of corn will not go far in taking care of twenty men." Boys, just look at that hive of bees. Suppose one or two or three bees tried to make a comb and fill it with honey. How long do you suppose it would be before even that little frame would be filled? They succeed because they all work, and they all work together. Now suppose you do this with your corn. If there are ten or fifteen or twenty of you in one church or Sunday-school, let those ten or fifteen or twenty unite in a band, with proper officers, and pledge themselves to take each at least one ear of corn, and plant and cultivate the grain from it. Then at harvest-time bring together what you have grown, and having reserved for the next year's planting the very best ears, sell the balance and send the money to the foreign missionary board of your church, and send an account of your success to *The Golden Rule*. Then the results will be put together, and you will be able to know the extent of your work.

Take for your motto, "There shall be a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon;" and then work and pray, and look for that shaking.—*Golden Rule*.

A WORD TO HOSTESSES.

A plea for books in the guest chamber is made by a writer in the "Housewife," who says: "Dear housekeepers, as you take the last look at your dainty guest chamber, to see that all is in readiness for the expected guest, please be sure that one important item is not missing. You glance from bed to dressing-table, and are indignantly sure that everything is perfect. Yet there is one lack. There is not a book in the room. Probably your friend may spend several hours each day in her room, and she will need something to read; and if she chances to be a poor sleeper she will appreciate your reading-matter more than your purple and fine linen.

I visited at a house not long ago, where I occupied a gem of a room. The bed was a marvel of daintiness, the appointments of the dressing table were perfect, choice pictures hung on the walls, a luxurious chair invited me to lounge, and to crown all, a cheery little fire burned in the grate. I retired, but after wooing the drowsy god in vain for an hour or two, I arose, lit the gas, and looked for a book. But not one page of print could I find in the room. Back to bed I went, and tried all the sleep-inducing schemes I had ever heard of. I counted myriads of white sheep going over a wall. I named all the people I knew whose names began with a certain letter, and kept getting more and more awake. How I longed for the book I kept under my pillow at home, "Diseases of the Ear," which is as intelligible as Sanskrit to me, and never fails to send me off to the sleepy country. I could have read anything just then; a railway guide, or even last year's almanac, would have been vastly entertaining. I threw myself in the Sleepy Hollow chair, thinking regretfully of the well-filled bookcases in the library below. In my desperation I started to go down, but remembering that the master of the house was an expert marksman, I feared lest he might shoot me for a burglar. At last I remembered a story that was crammed in a corner of my bag. I fished it out, and although it was of the "penny dreadful" variety, I managed to read myself sleepy. Be sure that I did not forget to arm myself with a book before retiring to my room the next evening.

How different was my experience in visiting another friend in a much humbler home a little later. The guest room was a plain little apartment, hardly capable of holding the necessary furniture, but a little shelf hung in the corner held a few books in cheap bindings. There were a novel apiece of George Eliot, Dickens and Scott, two or three books of poetry, a volume of Emerson's Essays, a copy of "Kinder der Welt," and a collection of French plays. There were hardly a dozen volumes in all, and yet there was variety enough to suit almost any mood.

I resolved then that I would give housekeepers a hint. Any one can spare a few books from the shelves, and be sure that in the few minutes before breakfast, during the afternoon rest on the lounge, and in the watches of a sleepless night, your guest will be grateful for your thoughtfulness.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that they both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.—*American Youth*.

WASHING DISHES.

WITH A LITTLE THOUGHT AND CARE THE WORK MAY BE MADE VERY PLEASANT.

"Pooh! Everybody knows how to wash dishes!" you exclaim. If I believed that I would not write this article. I have many a time seen dishes treated in a way not at all nice, to say the least. Some people will pile a lot of greasy dishes into a pan with the cups and saucers and teaspoons, pour on about a quart of water and sozzle them out after a fashion that does not make them shine with cleanliness. Some will use the dishcloth to wipe them, or a cotton rag.

There are many people who never make provision before they sit down to the table to have a kettle of hot water ready when the meal is over; many who never put water into the spider in which some article of food has been cooked, nor into the pan in which meat has been baked, nor a dish in which dough, batter, etc., has been mixed, so that what adheres may soak and be easily removed, but they will let them stand and dry and then, when it comes to the washing, plunge them right into the dishpan already thick and greasy, and rub and scrub and scrape with a knife to get off that which might have been so easily removed by soaking before coming to the final washing. Let me tell you my method, and if any one has a better way, I will gladly learn it if they will teach me.

Mixing dishes and baking dishes are put to soak directly after using, if there is any substance adhering that would otherwise be difficult of removing. In this water I wash off all I can before bringing the dishes to the pan. I see that the teakettle is refilled or a kettle of water is on the stove before I sit down to the table. When the dinner is over I scrape the plates which require it, and if particularly greasy I take a little hot soapsuds in some dish and wash them before putting them into the dishpan, for I do detest thick, greasy dishwater.

First, I wash the cups and saucers, spoons and knives, then such dishes as are the least soiled by the food, the cooking dishes coming last. I have the water very hot and use a handle mop for the best dishes; for the cooking dishes I have a cloth made from a worn towel. I have two grades of these dishcloths and a sink cloth besides. I have nice wiping towels of the checked crash usually, but that is not really essential, it is a matter of taste merely. By the side of my dishpan I have another into which I place the dishes as I wash them, arranging them loosely, and over them pour hot water to rinse them of the sudsy water. Then they wipe so much more easily when hot.

This water is used to wash the towels, the mop, best and second best dishcloths, adding soap, of course, and taking them in order one after the other, instead of dumping them all in together. The sinkcloth then comes into requisition, and after the sink is washed and wiped dry, the pan and cloth are washed in clean water. I never have any ill smelling towels or dishcloths; they are so disposed as to dry thoroughly. Sometimes, of course, it is necessary to use the rinse water for washing other dishes, and in a large family it would be always necessary to have two or more courses of water, but where there are only two or three persons one only is essential where the plates, etc., are previously partially cleansed.

I am aware that this reads like much work, but it is not really, and if it were, who would not be at extra pains to have the dishes clean and bright and the cloths perfectly sweet?—*Housekeeper*.

WHAT TO HAVE IN A SEWING-ROOM.

A correspondent sends the description of a "nearly perfect sewing room" that will be of interest to many, as the convenience of such a nook can hardly be overrated. It saves many weary steps in hunting for thread, thimble, etc., and saves the family sitting-room from being a resting place for the sewing. This room is 8x12 feet, with two windows and a small closet. In front of one window stands the sewing machine, which has one end of its cover cushioned to use as a foot-stool. On the right is a row of foot-wide shelves running almost the width of the room. One shelf is for the family medicines; the others hold all the sewing paraphernalia in boxes having the projecting ends labelled. They can be read from the sewer's seat at the machine, and are within easy reach. Patterns, left over pieces, buttons, trimmings, etc., all have boxes and are kept in them. Below the shelves is a low cutting table always ready for use. A sewing chair, without arms and having short rockers, is handy, and a straight chair for machine use. In one corner is a dress form, and in the opposite corner is a long narrow mirror, which shows the effect when fitting on the form. By the door three hooks are screwed from which hang a well-filled pincushion, pattern book and slate and pencil. On the slate goes every want of the family in the sewing line as it is thought of. The cost of fitting up such a room is small, as the window has a buff blind, and a rug for the feet is the only floor covering, but the convenience and comfort of such a place is unbounded.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

RECIPES.

ON A PINCH, a dish of maccaroni can be made to do duty in place of meat for a light dinner or lunch. It should be boiled in salted water for ten minutes or a little longer, and then drained. It can then be put into a saucepan with butter, a little flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg, all well mixed and a liberal supply of grated cheese added. The whole should be moistened with milk or cream, and boiled together a moment before serving; or yet it can be baked instead of boiled; and before setting in the oven bread crumbs can be strewn on the top. Let it brown well.

CHICKEN OMELET.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the eggs with an egg-beater, add the salt and milk, put one spoonful of butter in the spider, and when melted pour in the eggs. Have ready a cupful of chopped chicken, warmed in sweet cream. When the omelet has been in the spider two or three minutes, pour in the chicken, shake the spider a little, then run a knife under to see if it is brown; if so fold over half-way and remove to a hot platter. Serve immediately.

CORNED-BEEF HASH is a dish for breakfast not to be despised, when well made. All depends upon that. The materials may be just perfect; the putting of them together just ruinous. Have clean, lean meat, a little fat may be used if liked; chop finely. Chop cold, boiled potatoes equally fine, an equal measure. Mix these two, put in a generous piece of butter, a liberal dash of pepper, and soup stock enough to moisten it, or boiling water if no stock is to be had. Stir and heat over a brisk fire for five minutes or little more, but have it piping hot; it needs no cooking, and pour at once into a hot dish that has a cover; spread on a platter it too soon cools. If a fair amount is left over, brown it for another breakfast by buttering a frying pan, putting in the hash, pressing and smoothing it down into good form; cooking a few moments till brown and then turning it, upside down, brown side up, on a hot platter. Another way to utilize cold hash is to beat into it an egg and make up into cakes after the manner of fishballs, and fry a rich brown and serve.

PUZZLES NO. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of a crime.
2. What you do when you climb.
3. To talk like a goose.
4. A thing of great use.
5. For a girl a sweet name.
6. A gown for the same.
7. A curious bird.
8. An affirmative word.

My *primals* name a holiday grand:
My *finals* the State where first 'twas planned.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

Complete rhyme. Key in ninth and last lines.

'Tis true without any *if's* or * * *'*
That boys and girls are fond of * * * *,
And what is true to-day, I * * * *,
—As back to ages past I * * * *,—
Was true as well, in days of * * *,
Three centuries ago and * * * *,
For in a manuscript as * * *
As fifteen-sixty, I am * * * *,
'Tis writ that on * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *,
At Eton, a holiday should * * * *,
That all the boys should gather * * * *
In a grove which on their grounds * * * * *,
Provided they each should give a * * * *
To the teachers who set the day * * * * *,
But ere the day was granted * * * *,
The teachers did each boy condemn
Verses to write on the deadly cold
Which comes with winter so hoary and * * *,
Or else on the bountiful fruitfulness
Which autumn brings, her children to * * * * *,
A holiday thus well earned, you would * * *,
On a date by the church called * * * * * * * * * *.

CHARADE.

What noble men were Caleb
And Joshua,—they were the true—
The faithful of twelve who were chosen
The promised possession to view.
When *last* to the camp of their brethren,
All owned 'twas a goodly land.
But ten were dismayed at the giants—
The terrible Anakim band.

And Caleb had seen the giants,
But not with the eye of dread,
So he stilled all the host before Moses
And calmly and truthfully said,
"Now let us go up and possess it,
If our God in his people delight
He will bring us to *this* own possession
And well we may *whole* in his might."

So now there are giants before you
In the path to the highest success
You must fight your way upward against them
Up strengthened by victories press.
Oh, be not dismayed at the mighty
But trust in the Mightiest's strength
"Complete" and not "yield" be your watchward
Till *first* is the struggle at length.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Once there was a boy named 1, 2, 3, 4, who lived in a village in Ohio called 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and he told his cousin 12, 11, that his grandfather remembered when the city of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 was taken on September 26, 1777.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Death, Sleep.

1.	D	arkness	S	Rom. xiii., 12.
2.	E	vi	L	3 John ii.
3.	A	ve	E	Rev. iii., 1.
4.	T	ru	E	Gal. ii., 4.
5.	H	ol	P	Phil iv., 3.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—

T	acitu	S
R	aleig	H
A	lexandr	A
F	rederic	K
A	ztec	S
L	othro	P
G	ravelott	E
A	lexande	R
R	obespierr	E

METAGRAM.—Boat. Cont. Beat. Boot. Boaz.

The Family Circle.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

Unto the margin of a flowing river,
The eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep;
He calls them on, but they stand still and shiver,
To them the stream seems wide and swift and deep.

He calls them on, but they in fear are standing;
He calls them on, but on they dare not go;
They heed not now the voice of his commanding;
They only hear the river's fearful flow.

Then, from the side of one protecting mother,
A lamb the shepherd takes into his breast;
And then he gently bends and takes another,
And in his arms the two lambs lie, at rest.

They lie at rest, and as he close enfolds them
He hears them safely o'er the river wide:
The little lambs know well the arm that holds them,
They nestly warmly and are satisfied.

Then the fond mothers, with maternal longing,
Look on beyond that river's fearful flow;
They can but follow, and behind them thronging,
Their fleecy comrades are in haste to go.

Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking,
Their lambs they follow o'er the flowing tide;
They heed not now the swimming or the sinking,
They brave the stream, and reach the further side.

And while their tender shepherd kindly feeds them,
They think no longer upon what hath been;
He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them
By the still waters and the pastures green.

So shall it be with you, oh, weeping mother,
Whose lamb the Lord hath taken from your sight.
'Tis he hath done it; he, and not another;
Your lamb lies in his arms, clasped close and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken
That you may fear no more the quick, dark flow,
But that, with steadfast heart, and faith unshaken
You may be ready, after it, to go.

This is the tender shepherd's loving pleasure,
To bless at once the little one and you;
He knows that when with him is your best treasure,
There, fixed forever will your heart be too.

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

BY MARY E. ALLBRIGHT.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and the sun was setting. A cosey little room, with a west window, was filled and brightened with the colored light. Any one could see that it was a girl's room, even if the girl herself, who just now sat in a low chair by the window, escaped notice. The ebony writing-desk, with its multiplied conveniences; the book-shelves, containing so many volumes especially beloved of women; the "comfort chairs," piquant colors, dainty curtains, and carefully chosen pictures,—all proclaim themselves the property of a live girl. There she sat, in the red light, by the open window, poring over a verse in the little old Bible,—her first Bible, and therefore her best loved. "Phebe, . . . a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea,"—this was what she saw, and what had set her to thinking.

"Phebe,—who was she, I wonder?" thought Eunice. "Maybe an old woman, maybe young like me. Anyway, 'a servant of the church,' the church at Cenchrea. That certainly is not one of the historic, well-known churches; could it have been anything like the church which is at Washburn?" She laughed a little, and then sighed as she looked off down the hill into the green depths beneath which lay the town, while struggling above them she could see the spire of old Emmanuel church. "Oh, it is so slow and dull and wot-blankety!" Eunice groaned inwardly, with the right of solitude to a choice of words. "I'm afraid I can only be a common-place, second-rate Christian, here." She thought of her two years in Boston while studying at the Conservatory. She remembered the inspiring sermons of Phillips Brooks and the fervid addresses of Moody and others in Tremont Temple, then the Bible classes and Christian Endeavor unions, the conferences and conventions, the wide-awake enthusiasm pervading everything. How she missed and longed for it all! Now here she was, in the beautiful, quiet home on the hill, the companion of her invalid mother, the young people of the town comparative strangers to her, and what seemed to the intense soul of the girl a dead church her only guidance and help in the Christian way.

But Eunice was thinking, and thinking to some purpose. There had come to her, in the last half-hour, a new idea, which was rapidly working itself out in her brain. She jumped up from her chair, and began to move about the room in a quick, energetic way. "A servant of the church," she said, stopping before the shining, bevelled mirror. "You never were that in Boston, Eunice Thornton; you made the church a servant to your own comfortable self. Of course you like to hear grand sermons and stirring appeals, and it was easy to go every Friday evening and have your heart filled up with good thoughts and feelings by somebody else; but 'a servant of the church' doesn't describe you thus far in your life-time. "And yet," with a little thrill in her heart, "Christ 'loved the church, and gave himself for it.' I suppose that means the church as it is, not as it ought to be. Then, of course, if it is his church at all, it is as dear to him as ever; and it must be," she continued, raising her head with a kindling face, "the grandest thing possible to serve the church, his church for his sake." She stood quietly looking off into the fading sunset for a minute, then whispered "Dear Lord, I will do all I can for it and thee."

A carved Swiss clock upon the wall struck a silvery half-hour; up from the valley floated the sound of a church bell. "Prayer-meeting night!" exclaimed Eunice with a start, "How many 'servants' will remember that? I wonder. Well, at least, here goes one of the most selfish and unprofitable of them all;" and in ten minutes she was on her way down the hill.

Dr. Sherman entered the lecture-room that evening with a feeling of almost hopeless discouragement. Good, true man though he was, with a sincere love for his people, he felt that as pastor of Emmanuel church he had well-nigh failed. There seemed to be no bond of sympathy between himself and the young people of his congregation, while the older ones were for the most part deep in ruts, with no desire to be pulled out. Certain of his parishioners—and he knew it—often shook their heads lugubriously, lamenting that "things were running behind," and that "Brother Sherman's sermons don't appear to draw," while there were rumors each year that ends would not meet in the treasury. Meanwhile, the faithful man had been working on and praying that the Lord would come to the help of this church, which, he believed, his own right hand had planted. To-night his faith and hope were at the lowest ebb; and yet on this very night the beginning of the answer to his prayer had come.

Dr. Sherman sat down and looked about him. Three men sat on one side of the room, two of them with white hair. On the other side were scattered twelve women, most of them elderly. It was time to begin the meeting. At the left of the desk stood a very good piano, a gift to the church some time before from a legacy; but to-night the stool was empty. Miss Perkins, a maiden lady with very mediocre musical talents, but who had played the hymns faithfully for three years, had moved from Washburn the past week, and there seemed to be no one to fill her place. The poor man's heart sank lower as he looked for something of extra familiarity to be sung without the instrument, when suddenly, entering the door with a few straggling last comers, he spied Eunice Thornton. She quickly responded to his hesitating appeal for help, and played "Hebron" in a way that induced even old Elder Sims to try his good but almost forgotten bass voice. Eunice's clear, sweet tones seemed to have almost an electric effect upon the little gathering, while Dr. Sherman opened the meeting with the reading of Scripture and a prayer, the tone of which would hardly have been possible to him before the song. The twenty minutes' talk that followed was upon the parable of the talents, the subject given for the evening in the printed topics. The words spoken were practical and good, although Eunice, with her keen sense of the fitness of things, involuntarily thought of "Awake, thou that sleepest," as a more timely and appropriate text.

At last the meeting was "thrown open," and then came a chilling pause. Dr. Sherman's appeal, "Deacon Hunter, will you lead us in prayer?" was followed by a long composition of set phrases, which the deacon knew would not be out of place, whatever the topic. Other deacons prayed at the suggestion of the pastor, and several good old hymns were sung.

At last a woman recited a verse of Scripture, and was followed by two others; then, all at once, Eunice Thornton stood up. "Friends," she said, bravely, but with a little tremble in her voice, "the subject to-night is for me. I have no great talents, nor many of them, but I have my share, and time and opportunity before me in which to use them. I have been a thoughtless, selfish girl, taking all I could from the church, doing nothing for it. Now I am ready to do anything that I can do for my master. Please pray for me." Eunice sat down, and all at once Deacon Hunter began to pray again, this time straight from his heart. He prayed for forgiveness for his own coldness and hardness of heart; he prayed for the church and the pastor, and finally for the young friend who was ready to take up the work of the Lord; and when he reached the close of his petitions, more than one voice joined in the "Amen"

"Now, what can I do?" queried practical Eunice, as she climbed the hill on her way home. "I can't help Dr. Sherman preach 'drawing' sermons, and I hardly see how I am to do anything toward making that an ideal prayer-meeting. I can pray, and that I'll do. I wonder," she went on, meditatively, "what becomes of all the young people in the church. Dear me, Eunice Thornton," stopping short on the sidewalk, "why not begin there? They have a Christian Endeavor society here, I know, though I believe it is not doing what it should for the church. I only wish I knew more of the members."

By this time she was ascending the wide stone steps of her home, and it was just as she passed through the door into the big hall that she concluded with an emphatic nod, "I'll do it."

She began to do it the very next Sunday evening, when, at the meeting of the Endeavor Society, in a warm-hearted, frank little speech she told them how she had enjoyed the meetings of such a society while she had been away, and how necessary they had become to her. "And so it is everywhere now," she said; "how much help and inspiration and enjoyment we young people have in these things, haven't we? And how fortunate it is that there is such a broad and safe outlet for all this blessing that is fairly crowded upon us, in the church! Our motto, 'For Christ and the church' really says the same thing in two ways; it might be, for Christ in the church." Just think what a glorious thing it is that we, young and strong and happy, can be all the time, in this society, gathering in energy and talents and enthusiasm, to be poured out into the church, Christ's church, which he loved and died for. O think what an army we are, and how much of life there is for us. The church needs us, Emmanuel church needs us. Can we do anything more for it, and for our pastor?"

Eunice had lost all thought of herself in her earnestness. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone as she talked. The room was very still for a minute after she sat down; and then John Stearns, a sturdy, manly fellow, and a recognized leader, said in a straightforward way, "I think Miss Thornton is right, but I'm afraid we have been overlooking part of our motto a little, lately. Seems to me, we've been filling up for a good while, and haven't had half enough outlet. In other words, I'm afraid we have been forgetting the church. For one, I'm willing to do anything I can to help in Emmanuel, if anybody will tell me what to do."

"We might stay to evening service, more of us," suggested little Lettie Brown, timidly. "I know Dr. Sherman feels badly when we go away to the song service in the other church, for I heard him speaking to his wife about it. He spoke in such a sad way!"

On the back seat sat Mr. Burnell, the Sunday-school superintendent, a pleasant-looking man, but rather quiet and reserved. He was seldom present at a meeting, but had dropped in, and was much interested at the turn the present one had taken. "We need teachers badly in the Sunday-school," he said, rising suddenly. "If some of you could come in and help us, I believe you would be doing great good."

Then, sitting where she was, Eunice told them in a few words of the neglected prayer-meeting and of the burden of discouragement that was being borne by the pastor. She made no comments, and, indeed, had no time for any, for the leader rose and announced that the time for closing had passed. They sang "God be with you till we meet again," and the meeting was over.

Thursday evening came again, lovely and cool. Dr. Sherman was hindered a few minutes by a caller, and entered the lecture-room at precisely the hour for beginning the meeting. Eunice sat at the piano, and—could the man believe his eyes?—the room was full of people! There were young men and maidens, old men and children, Christian Endeavorers and their friends. Dr. Sherman sat down, and for a minute covered his face with his hand. Then he stood straight up, and said, "Let us give thanks;" and the prayer that followed revealed so much of past longing and suffering and patience, so much of present joy and gratitude, that many, young and old, were touched with remorse and a new love for their pastor.

What a meeting that was, what singing, what prayers, what opening of heart to heart! There were no pauses now, no formal prayers or unmeaning phrases. The Spirit of God, that mysterious presence, was there, and all felt his power. It was a wonderful meeting, not because of the numbers, nor on account of the young people, but because of the Spirit of God; and he was sent because all through that week Eunice Thornton and Dr. Sherman and Deacon Hunter and others were praying for him.

There have been many such prayer-meetings in Emmanuel church since that night. Strangers in Washburn are told now that it is "a large and active church, with a host of workers among the young people." Dr. Sherman was called to his long home two years after this story opens, sincerely and deeply mourned by the church who learned, not too late, to love him. Mrs. Thornton died soon after, depending to the last upon the daughter who was so devoted to her. Eunice is to-day far away from Washburn, in a busy Western city. Earnest and practical still, she has grown in loveliness and grace of character, while her love for her master has strengthened with the years. And though no longer Eunice Thornton in name, she is, and hopes to be, always and everywhere, "a servant of the church."—*Golden Rule.*

DO YOU DRINK WHISKEY?—READ THIS!

The House of Commons has appointed a select committee to consider whether, in the interests of drinkers, it is desirable that certain classes of spirits shall be held in bond for a definite period to "mature" before allowing it to be drunk, and some of the evidence given has been of a very interesting character—especially to drinkers. Here is a titbit kindly contributed by Mr. L. Malone, who, as Managing Director of the Dublin Distillery Company, may be considered a reliable authority. He is reported by the "trade" organ, the *Morning Advertiser*, to have said:—"I understand that they have succeeded in making the spirit now without using malt at all, by the use of chemicals—sulphuric acid." He was perfectly sure the public up to this had not known what they were getting." "The consumer is deceived, and thinks he is drinking Irish and Scotch whiskey when he is not." After this, the House should appoint a select committee to consider the advisability of keeping the drinkers "in bond" until they mature in judgment and common sense.—*British Workman.*

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

Lovers of "Sir Gibbie," "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," and others of his novels, will be interested in the account of an interview with their author at his home in the Old Palace, Richmond, by a writer in *Frank Leslie*. This edifice was erected in the time of Henry VII., on the site of an old royal residence, and in one of the apartments now occupied by Dr. MacDonald as a study Queen Elizabeth is said to have died. The building is extremely narrow, occupies almost two sides of a square, and is only redeemed from being commonplace by the appearances of hoary antiquity everywhere present. It is scarcely necessary to state that the novelist and his family occupy only part of one wing of the building.

We met, says the writer, in Dr. MacDonald's study, which is a spacious square room, bare of furniture, excepting a few chairs and a level oblong table at which he writes, which was strewn with manuscript and typewritten proof sheets of his latest novel. The only attempt at ornamentation visible, was a well-preserved portrait in oil of a woman of great beauty, said by Dr. MacDonald to be one of the St. Albans family, to whom the Old Palace belonged. The portrait, however, is the property of the present owners, a branch of the St. Albans in reduced circumstances, who permitted the painting to remain as a permanent fixture of the room.

Dr. MacDonald is about five feet ten inches in height, but, as he stoops slightly, seems shorter, and is fully up to the average stoutness of men of his size. His face is pale and bloodless (doubtless partly due to frequent hemorrhages, from which he suffered greatly at one time), has a full beard and moustache, and a plentiful supply of wavy hair, almost white. His finely formed features have just a trace of that ruggedness, with much of the intensity, characteristic of certain types of Scottish faces; but in him the harsh outlines have been softened by the glow of predominating imagination, and warmed by active benevolence. His nose is expressive and slightly aquiline, and his large, kindly gray eyes seem beaming with intelligence and sympathetic kindness. His face, manner, expression, and everything distinctive of character, indicate the possession of humane impulses which would bring him into active sympathy with every phase of human suffering. Finally, there is something about him which impressed me with the idea that he is terribly in earnest; that those matters of belief which are to so many mere subjects of speculation are to him concrete facts and eternal verities; and that success to him in any enterprise would be altogether subordinate to the consideration of duty involved therein.

He speaks with a quite noticeable accent, and deliberately, yet with ease, but appears at times to hesitate, rather from lack of a proper medium for expressing his thoughts than from a want of idea; briefly, as if the mechanism of thought went too fast to find utterance in appropriate language.

In justice to Dr. MacDonald, it is proper to state that, probably of all British authors, he is the least desirous of notoriety, and that my interview with him was not an interview in the journalistic sense at all.

He said he had good reason for believing that he was descended from the MacDonalds of Glencoe, one of the survivors of the massacre of the clan who afterward settled in Banff being his ancestor. His great-grandfather and great-granduncle fought under Charles Edward at Culloden; and as they served in a Banff troop, the mistaken sense of honor which caused the defection of the MacDonald clans on the fatal occasion did not prevent his ancestors from taking part in a battle so disastrous to Highlanders and the Stuart cause.

He expressed his regret at not having a knowledge of Gaelic, but thought that perhaps it was better that he had not, as in that case he would not have been so familiar with the Lowland dialect, which he found so useful in composing his books.

You see writing is my business, and I do nothing else. I am forced to write for a livelihood, and if I did my work in a slovenly manner the public would soon find it out, and so would I that my occupation was gone. But, independently of any such mercenary consideration, as my business is making books, I want to make them as good as I possibly can, not solely from the consideration of prospective gains, but also from my strong desire to benefit my fellow man, and from a sense of what I owe my art.

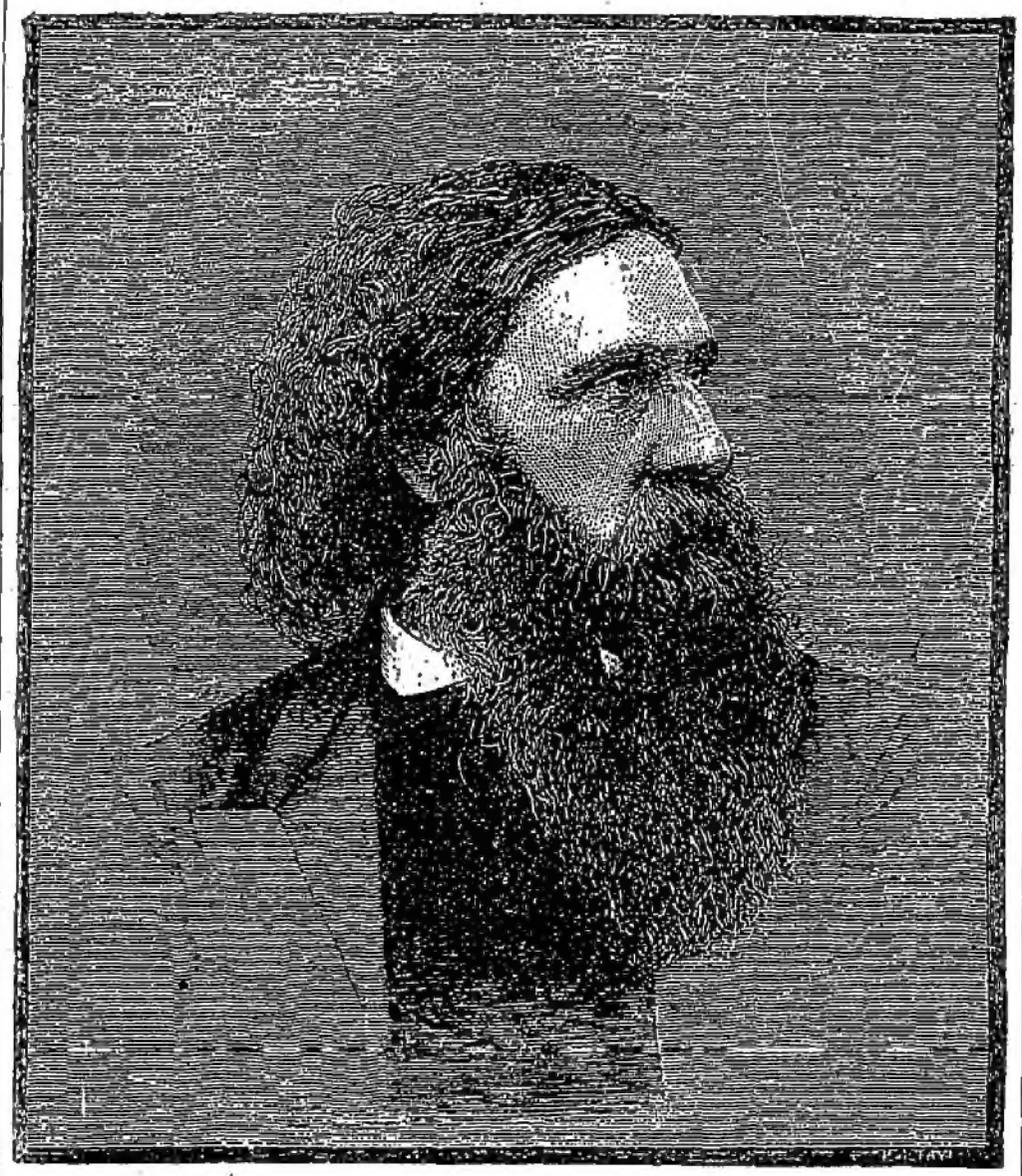
"You ask what led me to write my first novel. My wife, an English lady, to whom I was married over thirty years ago, and to whom I owe fame, and even life itself. I was for years subject to hemorrhages, and nothing but her devoted care and nursing brought me through. You know, I suppose, that I attained some reputation as a poet before I essayed novel writing. My wife urged me to write a story, and the result was my first novel, 'David Elginbrod,' a work for which I received very little, and for which I had great difficulty in finding a publisher. Inclined though I am to be hopeful, this had a very discouraging effect upon me, and but for my wife I doubt if I would have made the second attempt. 'David Elginbrod' proved a success, after all, and is still extensively read.

"I never take a vacation, spend part of every working day in writing, lecture occasionally on Shakespeare's plays, and sometimes preach on Sundays, so that I have scarcely any idle time. I pass about four months of the year in England, and the rest of the time in Bordighera, on the West Riviera, a town frequently mentioned in Ruffini's beautiful story of 'Doctor Antonio.' When I first went there my health was very infirm, but its genial climate had a most salutary effect upon me, and now I feel better than I have for years. There among the groves of olives, palms, oranges and lemons, and amid the most beautiful surroundings, I had my real home for about ten years."

Dr. MacDonald is very democratic in his sympathies, an optimist in his views of society, and thinks that the world is slowly, but surely, becoming better. He is deeply interested in the humane efforts to ameliorate the masses, and lectures and preaches frequently to workingmen. He favored the dock laborers of London in their strike, and considered that employers of labor should regard a higher principle than the law of supply and demand in dealing with their workers. He has had eleven children, eight of whom are living, the eldest, Dr. Bernard MacDonald, who studied under Sir Morell Mackenzie, being a specialist in diseases of the throat, and well-known in London in connection with his method of improving the voice and articulation. Another son has an important place as a teacher in a North Carolina seminary.

It would be impossible not to like Dr. MacDonald. With him altruism is no mere fashionable cult, but a predominating principle and ruling passion.

George MacDonald was born in Huntly, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1824. He attended school in his native town, his teacher being the Rev. Alexander Millar, now of Wimbledon, near London. I met Mr. Millar a year ago last summer at his home, and he spoke with pride and sincere affection of his famous pupil. The future novelist's father, Mr. Millar remarked, was a fine specimen of Highlander, courteous and dignified in his manner, and every way worthy of the highest esteem, and was a farmer in comfortable circumstances.



Yours most truly
George MacDonald

Both the father and mother were superior, God-fearing people. Mr. Millar was accustomed to give the pupils themes for compositions, which they handed in on Fridays. George MacDonald was at that time fourteen years of age, and his compositions were usually in verse and in the Scottish dialect. In these he displayed such talent that his teacher soon recognized in his boy pupil his intellectual superior. His powers were not less evident in his flow of thought, vivid fancy and beauty of composition than in his faculty for analysis. Mr. Millar at one time reproved George for some trifling fault, which the boy felt keenly. On the dismission of the school he remained behind, and, advancing to his teacher, said, in a voice trembling with emotion: "Mr. Millar, I cannot go home until you forgive me." The pardon was readily granted, and he never again required to be reproved. Long afterward, when George MacDonald had become famous as a poet and novelist, he told Mr. Millar that while writing the themes at school he was first led to think that he might be able to say something the people would like to hear, and by which he might be able to instruct.

After leaving school George MacDonald entered King's College, Aberdeen, from which he received in due course of time the degree of M.A. He subsequently attended an independent college in London, was licensed, and preached for a short time. Quitting the ministry, he became a lay member of the Church of England, and thenceforward devoted himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits.

In 1855 he received favorable recognition as an author by publishing a semi-dramatic poem entitled "Within and Without." In 1856 and 1858 he gave to the public two additional volumes of poetry, and in 1867, "The Disciple, and Other Poems."

But it is as a writer of works of fiction that he is best known both at home and abroad. Of these, the most popular on this side, as well as in Britain, are, "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," "David Elginbrod," "Unspoken Sermons," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Sir Gibbie," "Warlock of Glenwarlock," "Marquis of Lossie" and "St. George and St. Michael."

He is even more introspective than George Elliot, and as a metaphysical novelist probes deeper into human consciousness. With him the action never appears as a fact separated from the motive producing it. Though he always has a moral purpose in view in composing his works, he does not hang it at the masthead, but rather desires to secure the result aimed at by unconsciously influencing the mind of the reader. Skilful as he often is in the elaboration of a plot, he depends less for his success as a writer on this than upon his talent in describing incidents, the felicitous use of language, and by his tracing out the corespondences existing between our actions, which appeal directly to consciousness, and their real motives, of which we may not be conscious at all. Dr. MacDonald is truly the novelist of Christian morality, and seldom fails to raise his readers to a higher spiritual plane.

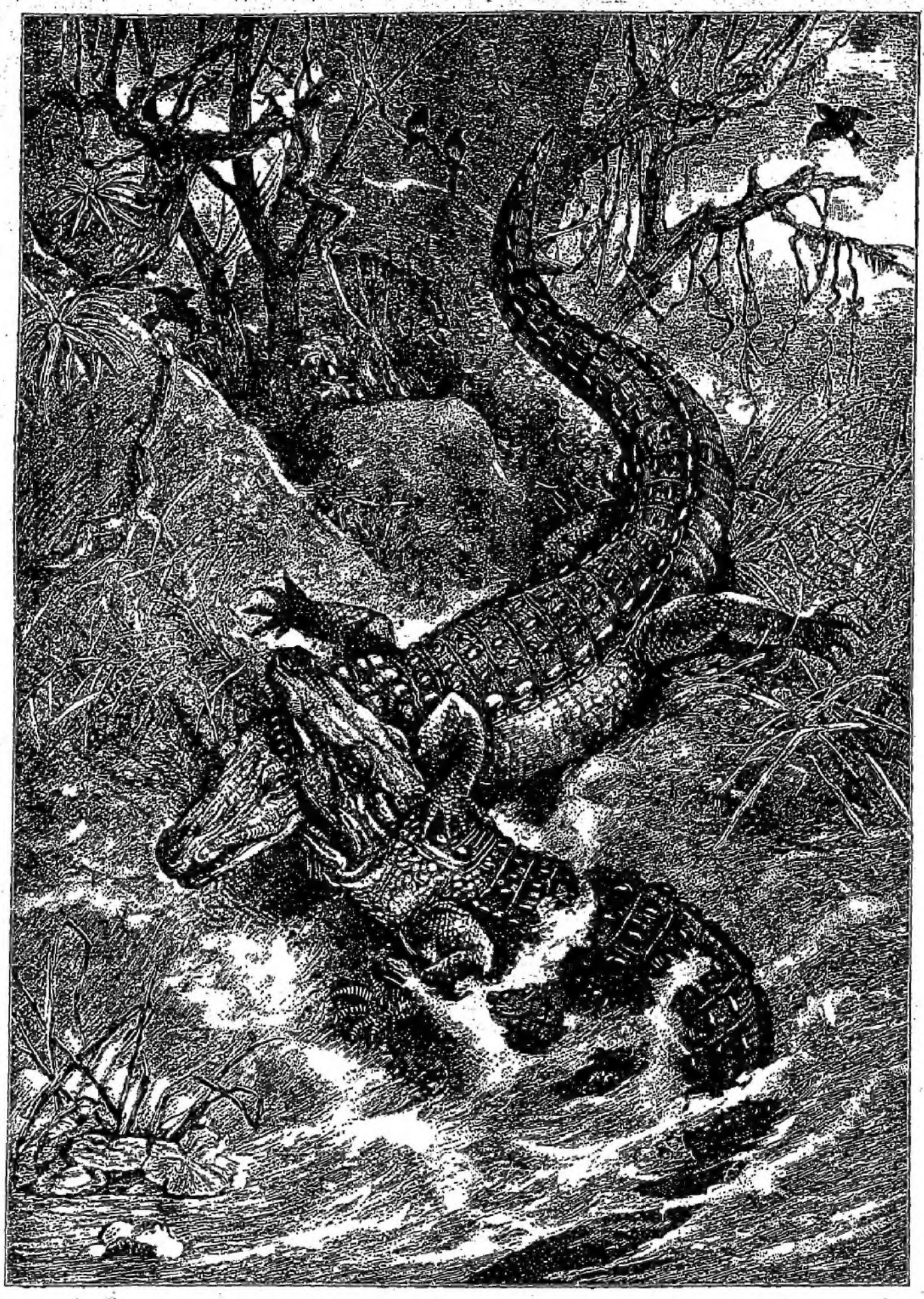
Dr. MacDonald has many warm friends in this country, which he visited in 1872, when he frequently lectured before appreciative audiences. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen, and for a number of years edited *Good Words for the Young*.

RIGHTEOUS IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST.

Ali Schind, one of the Rajahs of India, was noted for the uprightness of his dealings, and for his nice sense of honor, even towards the lowliest of his subjects. One day while hunting with his courtiers he became hungry, and ordered some of the game they had taken to be dressed for an immediate repast. This requirement had been anticipated by his attendants, and they had brought with them bread, sauces, plates, and all they needed—all except salt, which they had forgotten. There was, however, a village near by, and a boy was hastily despatched to procure some. The Rajah hearing the order given, called after the lad to inquire whether he had taken money to pay for the salt. At this his attendants expressed some surprise, wondering that so great a man should trouble himself about such trifles, and added that those who had the happiness of living under his dominion had no right to murmur if he should claim at their hands gifts of much greater value than a handful of salt. "Justice," replied the Rajah, "is of as much importance in little as in great matters, and the fact of my conferring benefits on my subjects at one time gives me no right to oppress them in the smallest particular at another. All the wrongs and oppressions under which mankind groan begin in little things; and if we would prevent great sins or great calamities, we must strive against the beginnings of evil."

HIS CARRIAGE.

"See the capitalists riding along in their fine carriages!" yelled a socialist speaker at a meeting in a Chicago suburb the other evening. "Where, I ask you, are our horses and carriages?" "S'loon-keeper's drivin' mine 'round," responded a maudlin and red-nosed reformer of society, with dejection, and the orator changed the subject.



FIGHTING CROCODILES.

Perhaps there is no living creature about which more falsehoods have been written than the crocodile. Even the home of the crocodile is in most cases wrongly described. It does not now make its habitat in Egypt, as so often stated, but is found in the upper East Soudan and in the slow running rivers of inner Africa.

During the day the crocodile passes most of the time sleeping or lazily resting on the sandbanks near the shores of the great rivers. It very seldom goes more than one hundred feet inland from the water, and if then disturbed by any noise it will quickly return to the water. The impression is general that the crocodile travels very slowly on land. This is a mistake. A crocodile can run so fast that a good rider on horseback cannot overtake it. After sunset these creatures leave their places of rest and move into the water without any noise, and begin their night's hunt, which they continue through the early morning, in search of fish. Rowing or propelling themselves with their powerful tails, they move very rapidly and catch many fishes.

But crocodiles relish other food as well as fish. They mark well the places where land animals come to the river for water. As soon as they discover a victim near the river, they will swim under water and then, quick as lightning, jump on it, taking it into the river, where they will eat it. Among the victims are antelopes, horses, sheep, dogs, mules, camels, and sometimes human beings who go to the river for water. Very often they will catch little birds that come to the river to wash themselves, flying to the low trees, the branches of which hang down close to the water.

Among themselves the crocodiles are very friendly, and not of a fighting disposition; but sometimes it happens that two males will fight about a female, and then the duel is a fearful one, as our picture shows. The female crocodile lays its eggs in the sand, covers them well and watches them until it will hear a kind of noise, then it will break the shell and the young ones will creep out. There is no value whatever in the crocodile for any people except the inhabitants of the country where it lives. They eat the flesh of the crocodile, and also make use of its fat. The Africans kill the crocodile mostly by spears, but the gun is better, as a bullet will never fail to penetrate its skin, and the prevalent idea that a bullet will rebound from a crocodile is entirely incorrect.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SUSIE BLAKE, THE POOR SISTER.

BY MRS. H. P. LANE.

Susie Blake sat by the door in the Grantely meeting-house; a seat adapted to her means. It troubled her, because in her prosperous days she had sat in the very best pew in the church in her native town. Those days were over, she was alone in the world, making a scanty living among strangers. Her Sunday face was not a happy one, therefore not pleasant to look at; every muscle and nerve was adjusted to the consciousness that she was being considered poor by the rich Christian sisters—Mrs. Conrad Gordon in particular. When she came in contact with this sister she gave her a frozen stare of utter indifference. Mr. Gordon kept the leading retail store in the town.

Susie was a Christian, but the pressure of poverty and depression of loneliness had unhinged her from her old faith and love, and she had sought the Lethean influence of silent contempt to still her pain of heart. No one spoke to her as she went in and out of the church, so she often said in bitterness, in the solitude of her room. There were reasons for this neglect in the fact of her haste to get away from people, and, as a rule, one does not wish to know people who look disagreeable any more than to taste uninviting food.

As the days went on and Susie's life was still lonely, she grew more and more sad, brooding the live-long day over the neglect of yesterday, and the neglect that would come to-morrow, and crying at the veriest trifle. A new trouble came in time. Mrs. Conrad Gordon took pains to stare at her and give her a timid half-bow of recognition, which Susie returned with a look which said: "When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favors."

When Mrs. Gordon's carriage came in sight, Susie looked over toward the distant hills; when her path lay by the Gordon mansion, she looked away to daisy-whitened meadows, as if ignoring the existence of the stately mansion would blot it from the earth.

Mrs. Conrad Gordon (the rich) was a humble disciple of Jesus, and yet she was in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. She was by nature fitted to do good work for God, but circumstances had put her into such calm ports that she had grown weak through luxury and inaction. If she attempted to lend a helping-hand to the less-favored, unseen elements frustrated her wisest calculations, until she gave up the attempt, saying to herself: "I am not worthy." Her home-life was not happy, her splendor of attire represented "a golden sorrow." What this envied Christian woman needed was the influence of a loving human soul on her own, the kind not "calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic," but mysterious and hidden, a presence and a power. All this had been hers when her crippled sister Letty lived. Since the going out of that life no one had come near this lonely, envied woman.

Going from church one day she saw Susie Blake walking down the dusty highway. The droop of her shoulders, the limp in her gait, brought the dead Letty to mind. These personal defects drew her to her. Could she not have her for a friend? In her luxurious room she fell to wondering where Miss Blake called it home, and if she could not do something to bring sunshine into her life, for Letty's sake. At once she made timid offers of friendship to meet with nothing but indifference and cruel contempt.

* * * * * *

Grantely was low-lying and marshy; just the place to invite disease. When sickness came Susie Blake's work in the cap factory stopped, the business closing up at the death of the owner. Then she knew pinching want. She ate her meagre meals by a scanty fire, in loneliness and fear. The day came when there was no fire and no food to cook. Still Susie kept her pride and suffered on. In her cheerless room at twilight she half died in weakness and hunger. Bitterly she thought of the abundance in the great house on the hill, and in her heart hated her favored sister. God was against her; God was partial; she was not of his favorites, so she murmured. Poor Miss Blake had the fever. All were afraid of it. No one would go to her assistance. The poor-house must be her home. These words the sick woman heard, and then came a time of forgetfulness, when all was blank.

* * * * * *

A shaded room, pleasant warmth, pictures and a luxurious bed was what greeted Susie's eyes when she awoke to consciousness. Some one sat in a low chair by the fire, with an open Bible on her lap. Susie had seen the face often in her long illness, as she thought in her dreams. A movement of hers causes the lady to turn her face toward the bed. It was Mrs. Gordon.

* * * * * *

After years of loving companionship, Susie Blake went to God from the home of the rich Christian woman, and these were among her life-lessons:

A tender, loving heart, may beat under a silken robe.

The rich have heart-needs as well as the poor.

God made the rich as well as the poor; to despise one of the rich is to throw contempt on his work.

Each individual heart goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires, grieving with its own pain, and will until time shall be no more.

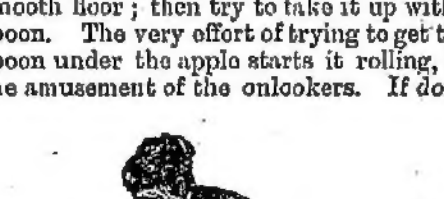
No one is too poor, none too rich but they can help weary feet in the life-march.
—*Standard.*

SOME AMUSING EXPERIMENTS.

Here are a few experiments which have many times proved great sources of amusement on winter evenings at home. It seems a very easy trick to sweep a cent out of the hand with an ordinary whisk, but if done fairly it is really difficult. Open the hand naturally and place the cent on the palm, then ask some one to brush it out

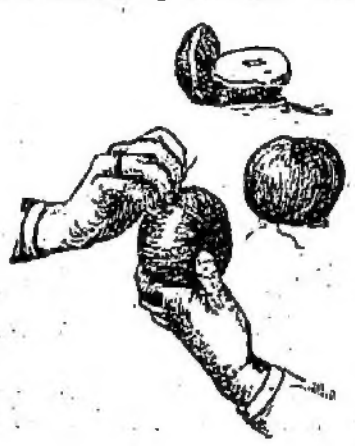
with a whisk-broom. After repeated efforts, it will probably be suspected that the cent is fastened in your hand in some way. In order to prove that it is not, let the sweeper place it in his own palm, and he will find it remains as immovable there as when he tried to sweep it from the hand of the other person. A few persons have flat palms. The cent may easily be swept off from such palms, but they are not common.

To pick up an apple with a spoon requires not a little patience to accomplish. Place a large, round apple, stem up, on a smooth floor; then try to take it up with a spoon. The very effort of trying to get the spoon under the apple starts it rolling, to the amusement of the onlookers. If done



quickly enough the apple can be taken up while in motion; but the proper way is to wait until it ceases to roll, and then carefully push the spoon far enough under the apple to get the centre of gravity over the spoon, when there is no difficulty in picking it up.

How many of you know how to cut an apple in half without breaking the skin? This is a capital trick and very difficult to guess. Thread a needle with strong thread. Insert the needle just under the skin of the apple, take a stitch, and carefully draw the needle and thread through to within six or seven inches of the end. Then insert the needle again, this time in the exact hole it was withdrawn from. Continue the stitches in this manner around the apple, withdrawing the needle the last time through the first hole made. The The thread is entirely around the apple now, concealed by its skin. Take a firm



hold of each end of the thread and, holding both of the ends well together, to prevent tearing the skin, pull gently.

The thread cuts it way slowly through the apple until it is in two pieces, when the thread is withdrawn through the tiny hole made by the needle.

If this trick is done carefully enough, the breaks in the skin will not be discernible on the closest inspection. Indeed, the only convincing proof that the apple has been cut in half, will be to pare a narrow strip of the skin where the needle and thread have travelled, when the apple will fall apart.

FANNIE'S BOUQUET.

BY PANSY.

She wandered about the house, looking very sober.

"I don't know what to do," she said, to every one who would listen to her. "Next week is exhibition at our school, and I am to speak if I get a piece, and there is to be a prize for the one who speaks the best, and I can't find anything to learn, and mamma can't help me, she is so busy making cakes and things." And the story always closed with a long sigh. Grandfather heard it, and thought about it a good deal. At last one day he said:

"What if grandfather finds you something to learn?"

'Oh, grandpa!" said Fannie, "will you? Why, grandpa, I didn't know you knew any book that had pieces in; I thought you only read big books like the Bible and such things."

"Wouldn't a piece out of the Bible do?"

Fannie looked sober. "I'm afraid not, grandpa. They never have them out of the Bible; they have poetry, you know, and things about flowers and trees, and such."

"Flowers and trees! Why, there's many a pretty thing in the Bible about flowers and trees." But still Fanny shook her head.

"I'll tell you what it is," said grandpa, "I'll get a piece ready for you: I'll have it ready by to-morrow night, and I'll help you learn it, if you will speak it at the school just as I arrange it; and if you don't get the prize, I'll give you one myself."

"Well, I will," said Fanny, and she looked very happy. She was sure of a prize now.

The piece was learned, and recited to grandpa a great many times out in the arbor, he showing her how she ought to say it.

At last came the day for the exhibition. Fannie was dressed in white, and had a bouquet in her hand. Nearly all of the girls laughed at her queer bouquet. This is what is was made of:

Five great lilies, beautiful red and yellow and white; a piece of grape-vine, with the roots and earth clinging to it; a lovely bunch of grasses, just freshly gathered, with the sparkle like dew on them, and a bunch of faded and withered grasses, that had dried in the sun for a week; and right in the middle of them all was a large ear of corn in the husk, saved from last year's harvest.

She went upon the platform with this strange bouquet in her hand. Neither girls nor teacher could imagine what she did it for, but in a little while they knew. She laid her bouquet on the table, and commenced her piece:

"Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heaven shall give her dew."

As she repeated that last verse, she held up her lovely grape-vine. With the other hand she took a withered branch that had been broken off, and the leaves were withered and wilted and dead, and she recited:

"A branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine. Jesus said: 'I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'"

As she laid them on the table, she said: "Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Next she took the branch that had roots clinging to it, and held it up, as she said: "This was planted in a good soil, by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine; the root of the righteous shall not be moved."

There were some tiny bunches of green grapes just starting in the branch, and she took hold of one of these as she said: "Yea they have taken root, they grow: Yea they bring forth fruit; the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit."

And as she laid them down, she said: "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life."

Next she took in one hand the great glowing rose, and in the other some waxen lilies of the valley. The real ones were all gone, but these were so real you could almost smell them. As she held them up for all to see, she said in a low sweet voice: "He is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Next she took her bunch of glowing lilies, and said: "And why take ye thought for raiment! Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

As she turned to pick out her grasses, she said, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass."

Then she held it up and said: "And the tender grass showeth itself. Thus saith the Lord that made thee, I will pour my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass."

Then she laid it down, and took up the faded grass, and said: "The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field."

In the other hand she took her little bunch of faded roses, and as she held them out, withered grass and faded flowers, she said: "The grass withereth, the flower faded."

And as she laid them down, she added: "As the flower of the grass, he shall pass away."

Next came the ear of corn. As she held it up, she recited: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; the valleys also are covered over with corn. The earth bringeth forth fruit; first the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear. Like as a stalk of corn cometh in his season, thou shalt come to thy grave. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain," and she held up the shrunken kernels of corn. "But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him."

Just here she drew back the spread that covered the little stand, and, lo! behind it there stood a little box, in which there waved some rich green stalks of corn. Grandpa had transplanted them with careful hands, and brought them here to teach their beautiful lesson of the resurrection.

Do you need to be told that Fannie earned two prizes? One given by the school, and one by the delighted grandfather. And yet her piece was "nothing in the world but a few Bible verses." That was what one of the big girls, who did not get a prize, said about it.

AUNT RACHEL'S CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

I was weary and worn after a sleepless night, and couldn't settle myself to work; so I put on my hat and wrap and ran across the way for a chat with Aunt Rachel. Aunt Rachel was one of those quiet beings whose very presence seemed to give one rest. Just to sit and look at her was often sufficient for me.

She made me welcome, seated me in her comfortable easy-chair, and then resumed her work. She was always busy.

I sat for a while enjoying the stillness and comfort, gazing with inward satisfaction upon the placid face before me, but saying nothing, which was so unusual for me that my aged friend looked suddenly up and inquired,

"What's the matter?"

"I don't feel very bright to-day, Aunt Rachel; I didn't sleep well last night."

"Why not?"

"I got thinking of Jamie and worrying about him, away out there in Dakota, and no mother or friend near by if he should be sick."

"That was wrong."

"What? The not sleeping, or the worrying?"

"Both."

"I don't know how either *is* to be helped," I said disconsolately. "Will you please tell me how?"

"In the first place, isn't God just as near Jamie in Dakota as he would be here?"

"I never thought of that. It seems as if God was here, but—"

"Not there? Another thought: Jamie is his child, and if he is folded under the divine wing, and you are too, you and Jamie can't be very far apart."

"I can't seem to realize the nearness."

"Trust, Emily, trust is what you need."

"But, Aunt Rachel, don't you ever lie awake nights thinking?"

"I don't mean to. I allow I might sometimes think and think all night; but if I took my cares and work and troubles to bed with me every night, I should have a sorry time of it. I leave them down stairs when I go up to my room. Our affairs stand still in the night. We can't help anything forward by worrying, rolling them over and over in our minds. So as they stand still, why shouldn't I leave them alone? I just commit them all to him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and pray, 'Dear Lord, thou wilt take care of everything. Give me a good night's sleep, and bring me to my work again in the morning fresh and strong.'"

"But, Aunt Rachel, don't you sometimes find yourself nervous and excited about something that has happened during the day, and unable to sleep?"

"I *confess* I do, but then I say my alphabet."

I laughed outright. "Well, it would take more than the alphabet to compose my nerves."

"My alphabet of promises, I mean. If that isn't enough, I say the alphabet of precepts, and, if I need more, of prayers."

"Please explain," I said, growing interested.

"I repeat the promises—I like them best—in alphabetical order."

"For instance."

"Well, for instance, A, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be:' B, 'Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice;' C, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest:' D, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.'"

"I enjoy hearing you rattle them off, Aunt Rachel; you have them all by heart, I see."

"I don't always have the same ones; these just came to my mind."

"How do you remember them? I suppose you have studied them up."

"Oh, no. I have new ones almost every night. I think the Holy Spirit brings them to remembrance, and they come so readily and with such power and sweetness that it seems sometimes as if the Lord spoke to me."

"And this puts you asleep."

"Yes, they are so soothing that I often drop off before I get to L. I seldom go all through. But there are times when I need more, and then I say the precepts: 'Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace;' 'Be clothed with humility;' 'Casting all your care on him.' If I am still awake, I say the prayers: 'Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low;' 'Be merciful unto me, O God; for my soul trusteth in thee;' 'Create in me a clean heart;' 'Deliver us from evil.'"

I sat thinking for some time. I was interested in the new idea, and extremely amused at what seemed to me the simplicity of dear old Aunt Rachel. At length I laughed aloud, and when she looked up wonderingly I had to excuse myself.

"Pardon me, Aunt Rachel," I said, "but I was thinking how your remedy would work with our distinguished men who have had to leave their work and go to Europe because of insomnia."

"Well now, Emily, you needn't laugh, but I'd venture anything, if these great men had taken my remedy in time, that is, begun at the beginning, they wouldn't have come to this trouble. I warrant you, they've carried their sermons and meetings and papers and plans to bed with them, and that's what has done the mischief. These earthly cares are not fit bed-companions. If they had locked their work well up in their desks and their libraries at a suitable hour every night, and said to them, 'Now you rest here, while I go and

rest yonder,' all would have gone well enough."

"But how could they—such great men?"

"How could they? Why couldn't they do what a poor simple woman can do? And there's the good Lord to help them. It's no harder for your great men, as you call them, to lay down their cares at night, and make it their religious duty to go to sleep, than it is for you or me to lay down ours. God gives us the day for work and study, and the night for refreshment and building up in sleep. If we overturn God's arrangement, I don't see but we must suffer."

Aunt Rachel was imperturbable. She sat at her sewing with a calm and quiet manner, assured she had been uttering God's truth; and I am not certain that she had not. I felt she was Spirit-taught, and really envied her that simple, childlike trust, which spread itself like the light of heaven upon her face and diffused an atmosphere of peace all round her.—*American Messenger.*

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"Get up, Dolly! Get up there, now!" and old Mr. Deacon shook the reins over the old mare's back.

But Dolly never evinced either by look or gesture that any remark had been addressed to her. On the contrary, her gait became slower than before. "She don't like the errand we are on any better than myself, do you, Dolly?" asked the old man.

The preceding day the bell in the village church had rung out—as it had done for so many years—the invitation to come up and worship the Lord. The congregation filed in slowly and quietly, and as the minister opened the old Bible and announced his text, "At the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man," the majority of the worshippers settled themselves comfortably back in their pews, some to take their usual nap, others to lay plans for the coming week, or to take a retrospect of the one just gone.

But as the minister proceeded with his discourse, plans, crops, and even sleep were all forgotten by his people.

Their pastor was mightily in earnest. After speaking on the influence for good or evil we all wield in this world, and of the Christian being responsible to God for his example, he continued: "My brethren, there is one subject which has been very near my heart for some time, to which I would like to call your attention—and that is the growing evil, in our midst, of intemperance. I do not mean drunkenness. I mean the habit of taking liquor when you wish it, or letting it alone, as it pleases you."

The congregation looked from one to another. They were going to have a temperance sermon! Such a thing had never before been known in the old meeting-house.

Parson Brown saw the glances and interpreted them aright. But he was a man who never apologized for speaking the truth. He felt he was God's servant standing there in the Master's place, and the Master to whom he would have to give an account, was speaking through him.

"It is to you moderate drinkers," he went on, "I want to speak, some of you bearing the name of Christ and who think you are neither injuring yourself nor others. It is not the miserable drunkard, who staggers along our streets, that is to be feared as an example. No one will copy him. On the contrary, every one shuns and loathes him. But you, who can drink one glass and feel no craving for another—yet, by that very fact, and your example, you may be another man's ruin, one who cannot take that one glass without falling. And then you will speak deridingly of that one, because he cannot control his appetite. My friends, I think we will all be astonished, at that last great day, when we find how often we Christians have been a stumbling block in our brother's way. Perhaps God will require the life of that brother, who fell through your example, at your hands. What will you answer him? To his Master every man standeth or falleth, but God holds every one of his children accountable for the influence he or she exerts."

The congregation moved very quietly out. There was not the usual greetings exchanged. One of the old patriarchs, who was in sympathy with the pastor, ventured the remark, "The trumpet gave no uncertain sound to-day!" but it fell on unresponsive ears. In fact, the congregation was angry that they should be preached at, as they expressed it. So, on Monday morning five of the influential members met at farmer Deacon's house, and resolved that it was their duty to remonstrate with their pastor for his sermon of the previous day, and appointed Mr. Deacon a committee of one to visit Mr. Brown and convey their feelings to him.

This was the cause of Mr. Deacon's disquietude as he rode along this evening. He was fond of his pastor; and he had a very unpleasant duty before him. As he tied Dolly to the parsonage gate he sincerely wished the meeting was over. He was ill at ease when seated in front of the minister who received only monosyllables in reply to all his kind inquiries about the farmer's family.

"The fact is," said Mr. Deacon, making a desperate plunge, and clearing his throat, "we wanted, that is, I—ahem! the people wanted me to come and talk to you. In fact to remonstrate about that sermon you preached yesterday." And Mr. Deacon cleared his throat and mopped his face vigorously.

"Why should you remonstrate, my friend?"

"Well, we think, or rather—that is—brother Elder thinks, and so do I, that ministers should not meddle with temperance and such things. They should preach the Gospel."

"That is just what I have been endeavoring to do. Whether men will accept it or not, I have tried to preach the whole counsel of God. And, my dear friend, can you not see for yourself the evil I spoke against is all around us. Is it not time for Christians to protest against it?"

"But you know, parson, all of your congregation are not prohibitionists."

"No," answered Mr. Brown, "but they profess to be more than prohibitionists. They profess to be following in the footsteps of One who gave up his life for them. Do you think it is asking too much for them to give up moderate drinking for the sake of others?"

Farmer Deacon thought he was not progressing very rapidly with the parson. And the account of the meeting he had to carry back would not be very satisfactory to the men he had been sent to represent.

As he arose to go, the minister suggested a prayer for God's guidance in the matter, and as the good man prayed the farmer was impressed by the realization that it was all a matter of love to God. If that occupied the heart then all that are counted self denials will be pleasures and privileges done for him.

As the farmer shook hands with the minister at parting, the latter knew by the warm clasp of the hand, that farmer Deacon was still his friend.

"Come, Dolly, get on now," murmured the old man, as he climbed into the waggon. "I guess Elder, and those others will have to pay the parson a visit themselves. I don't think they can move him. At any rate he almost turned me over to his side. But I don't know, there ain't much harm in just one glass after dinner.

"Whoa, there! what's the matter with you now?" as Dolly shied and suddenly came to a stand still. In the twilight, which was gathering, Mr. Deacon could discern two figures on the roadside.

"I nearly ran over you, what are you doing there?"

"Please, sir, it's me, Nellie Wynne, and this is father, and I can't get him home," sobbed a child's voice.

On the instant the old man's heart was touched at the sound of that voice. He knew John Wynne, and knew he was one of the men who couldn't take a glass without wanting another. He had known him, too, when he was the best mechanic in the village. Now both his business and character were gone.

"Don't cry, little girl," said the farmer, "I'll try to get father home for you." And almost dragging the drunken man, he helped him to a seat in the waggon where he rocked for a few minutes and then suddenly rolled off and lay doubled up on the floor.

Mr. Deacon tried to talk to the little girl seated beside him—but her voice was so pitiful and her evident anxiety for her father was so great that his eyes were getting very moist and his voice husky. By the time Dolly stopped before the shanty John Wynne called home, farmer Deacon had done a great deal of thinking. As he glanced back at the unconscious form on the floor of the waggon, he thought of the minister's words of the day before,—"It is not the drunkard who is to be feared as an example." If John had never been tempted with the stuff would he be lying drunk there to-night?

Mrs. Wynne opened the door. Mr. Deacon remembered her as such a pretty girl years before. Now she looked—like a drunkard's wife. At the sight of the farmer her face flushed. She hated others to see their shame and misery. He aroused the drunken man sufficiently to get him out of the waggon and almost knocking his wife over as he staggered against her, John threw himself on the floor to sleep off his drunken debauch.

"Is there anything I can do for you or the children?" asked Mr. Deacon, looking around the miserable room.

"Yes," exclaimed the woman, "destroy all the liquor that is made. If it were not for rum we would be happy. As long as there is any to be bought, John will have it, no matter what stands in his way. While there is any liquor to be got, anything you would do for us would only go towards getting it," and the poor woman broke completely down and cried with the children who were clinging to her.

Farmer Deacon made Dolly go at an unusually fast pace till he reached his own home, and sent back a basket well filled with provisions to the hungry little Wynnes. But he did more. When Dolly stopped at the store where he had agreed to meet the men who had appointed him their representative, they all greeted him cordially, anxious to hear the result of his visit.

"Neighbors," said Mr. Deacon, "I am convinced that the parson is right and we—"

"He's had another temperance sermon," interrupted Mr. Elder.

"No, not a temperance sermon," said the farmer, with strong feeling, "but an object lesson of the strongest kind, against drinking. I have just been helping John Wynne home. I suppose he was here," looking around. "And, friends, we all have our trials of different kinds, which we bear patiently because we know it is the divine will, but there is a sorrow pressing at John's house to-night, which is not of God's appointment. The good Lord never meant for him to ruin his soul and body as he is doing by drinking liquor; I, for one, dare not see the sorrow of that family—and there are thousands of others who are suffering from the same cause—and sit idle and say it is no concern of mine. Truly, if we sit dumb, or help the evil on by our example, we are worse than the dry vines that cumber the ground. I believe God directed me to that man to-night to show me my duty. And with the Lord helping me, I will do what I can to crush the great evil out."

Mr. Elder and the other brethren saw that the old man spoke every word from his heart and they didn't resent it from him as they did from their pastor. They were more than convinced that every word was true. It was the beginning of a new order of things. The whole village was not revolutionized at once. It took time. But that sermon of pastor Brown's had set many a one to thinking whether or not he is, in a measure, his brother's keeper. —*Episcopal Recorder.*

GOOD READING MATTER.

A correspondent of the *Golden Rule* makes a valuable suggestion for the literature committee of Christian Endeavor Societies. After speaking of library work he says: The next step will be to dispose of the great accumulation of excellent reading matter found in so many thousands of Christian homes. It is a pity, indeed, for this matter to go no further on its mission of usefulness, and especially when there are other thousands of homes into which go no such messengers of pleasure, culture, and knowledge of Christ and his kingdom. There are many practical methods of using this matter to advantage in the work at home or abroad. A "paper exchange" may be arranged by placing a table in the church vestibule. Here may be gathered choice religious papers, missionary magazines, tracts, and reports of church and society work, all to be freely taken away by any desiring to read them.

In connection with the Sunday-school committee, possibly, efforts may be made to send certain papers regularly to families wholly destitute of religious reading. Religious and secular papers and books may be generously used in the gaols, hospitals, tenement houses, cheap boarding-places, livery stables, depots, and barber shops to be found in every locality. The same class of matter can be sent in bundles to persons in country villages in our own State, or to points in the far South, West, and North. Doubtless some persons after reading their papers can mail them regularly, every week or two, directly to certain addresses and thus save the committee labor and postage. Thousands of young minds are hungering for such reading-matter, and whether it is sent "way down upon the Swanee River," to the Indian reservation, the prairie "dugout," or the mountain cabin, words can with difficulty express the value and importance of the work thus accomplished. A literature committee should need no further inspiration, after once receiving the grateful acknowledgment of a few packages thus distributed.

In gathering matter for these various purposes, a box may be placed in the vestry or elsewhere, into which members of the congregation may drop the papers; or better still, have a sub-committee call every week at the homes of those who will contribute last week's papers. This plan has the added advantage of affording active committee work for those too young to serve effectively in other lines.

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